


Maryknoll



FEBRUARY 1949



AMERICANS ALL — Any of these three young ladies could be President of the United States. They were born in San Francisco's Chinatown, where Paulist Fathers conduct a mission. They left their mud pies to pose in a baby show.





•
R
o
S
ti
p
m
to
v
th
C
p
fo
d
ti
a

sa

Peter Wong's Boy Mounts the Altar

Family history
forms the backdrop
for each priestly son

by John J. Considine

JOHN MARY WONG, son of Peter Mary Wong, has been ordained a priest by Bishop Ford, of the Diocese of Kaying—one of the four Maryknoll territories in South China.

This news does not thrill you particularly, does it? "Another Chinese priest? Good! How many does that make?" you remark in detached tone.

I wonder if we appreciate even vaguely the pulsing drama behind the raising of any Chinese boy to God's altar. And not only one boy participated in that drama last year: four other young Chinese were ordained by Bishop Ford, at the same time. We congratulate all of them, and their superiors as well.

"None but a missionary bishop," says Bishop Ford, commenting on

the happy occasion, "can appreciate the satisfaction and spiritual strength such reinforcement gives our work. During the ordination, I wondered whether the newly ordained realized how much thought and planning and continuous care accompanied them throughout the



**Father John
Wong of Kay-
ing, and Peter
Wong his father**

fourteen years of study under our supervision. The Chinese seminarian is a work of grace. That he has measured up to his training, in the midst of Communist infiltration and despite the long martyrology of Chinese priests slain in the line of duty, is eloquent of his character."

Let us trace the thread of events and experiences that form the background of Father John Wong.

Some four or five hundred years ago, the neighborhood of the present Kaying City was still wild country. Then from the Yellow River Valley came the Hakkas—an intelligent and enterprising people. There are two big Hakka families around Kaying, the Wongs and the Tsongs.

The Wongs possess extensive lands and are proud of the many learned men they have produced. The great-grandfather of John Wong was a district mandarin, and people knew him as an honest public servant. He had but one son, whom he loved dearly and on whom he lavished every attention. Each year during the holidays, the mandarin brought home armfuls of toys and a large sugar-cane boat for his son.

When this boy grew up, he opened a school and taught the Four Books and Chinese poetry to four hundred students. He in turn had an only son, Wong Muc Fen. The latter eventually joined his father in the

school, proved himself an able scholar, and was launched on a brilliant career.

But one thing troubled Wong Muc Fen. His son, Father John Wong, told us about it.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

"One thing kept forever crowding into my father's thoughts: the Chinese story of the apes. One day, so this story goes, all the apes were

gathered together, enjoying themselves tremendously, when suddenly the king of the apes began to shed bitter tears. 'Why? Why?' demanded all the apes. 'Because,' His Majesty replied, 'although I am your king and we have all happiness, yet some day all of us must die. How can we be heedless when we must ever face this thing called death?' My father suffered in the same manner as the king of the apes," concluded John.

One day, Wong met a Buddhist monk. "What must I do to face death?" he asked.

"You must prepare for eternal life," answered the monk. "You must recite the prescribed Buddhist prayers fifty thousand times."

Wong began immediately. He chose a spot in his courtyard, and there every day, kneeling by a stick of incense, he prayed devoutly. After he had completed forty-five thousand of the prescribed prayers, he told a friend of his devotions.

"Oh, no!" protested the friend.

tol-
ant
ong
ohn
cpt
ng
er's
hi-
he
so
all
re
m-
en-
ed
ed
sty
ng
ne
we
ce
er
he
n.
ist
ce



Bishop Ford's new church and center house at Kaying were the scene of the happy gathering on ordination day. Below is the ordination procession.



"That is not the pathway. I have a more reliable road to Eternal Life. It is Christianity, as taught by the Baptist missionaries."

Wong was prompted to go immediately to the minister. He decided to forego the remaining five thousand Buddhist prayers, and he led all his family, except the youngest boy, to a near-by stream, where each was baptized by immersion. So great was Mr. Wong's enthusiasm that he decided to teach about Christ, and for several years

he was a Protestant preacher.

During that time, this excellent gentleman's daily prayer was, "My good God, Divine Spirit, teach me what to do in order to recognize You better."

One day, in the course of a missionary journey, Mr. Wong met a Catholic teacher, and they spoke of each other's beliefs. Before they parted, Wong was convinced that he had received new light. He applied to Father Cody Eckstein, the Maryknoll rector of the Kaying seminary, and after study he was rebaptized.

The new convert left his Protestant confreres with sorrow but determination. "I am sure you understand," he told them, "that, as Saint Matthew says, 'not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.'"

For baptism, Mr. Wong chose the name "Peter," and his youngest son was given "John." After a year's training, he became a catechist.



Why Not?
 This year why not assist an
 American young man to become
 a Maryknoll priest, by support-
 ing him a few days each month?
 You will share in his ministry.
 To train each student costs more
 than a dollar a day.

"Those were happy years," wrote Father John. "My father heard Mass every day, though it was a five-mile walk to the chapel. I accompanied him, and what very wonderful things he taught me on the way! He had great devotion to Our Lady and recited the fifteen decades of the Rosary daily. He called him-

self Peter Mary Wong, and I was John Mary Wong, the name 'John' being for the beloved disciple to whom Our Lord committed His Blessed Mother.

"When I went to the seminary, my father placed me under the patronage of Our Lady. He died a holy death while I was in training, and he was given a great funeral, which was attended by thousands. After his example, I have a deep love for the Mother of God.

"And now, Father, how happy I am on this, my ordination day! All of us thank Bishop Ford and the Fathers of Maryknoll who guided us to the altar."

THE MAYOR ON OUR COVER

We introduce you this month to the mayor of the village of Solola in Guatemala. He is not dressed up—this is his work-a-day costume. In few lands on earth are such verve and sparkle to be found in the dress of the citizens. And in few lands are the traditional costumes marked by such harmony of color and design. His Excellency the Mayor sits for a moment on the curb in the course of his afternoon walk.

MARYKNOLLERS,

for the third time in twenty-one years, are engaged in founding a mission news service.

In 1927, in Rome, Father John J. Considine founded the Fides International News Service. In 1935, in Peking, Father Frederick C. Dietz founded for China the Lumen Service, which was predecessor to the present Hua Ming News Service, operating in Shanghai. Now here in Tokyo, I, a former operator of Lumen Service, am bringing to life a Catholic service for Japan. This newest service is called Eastern Star (*Tosei*) News Agency.

Tosei was founded through the zeal of Maryknoll's Monsignor Byrne, who brought me into the picture. In June of 1948, the infant service was born.

After fifteen years in the Orient, I knew that nothing can be started there without a banquet. Hence, a banquet was scheduled to coincide with the appearance of our first edition. But, alas and alack, at the last minute everything went wrong! The Japanese typewriter broke down; the hired typist failed to deliver the text; the Rexograph copying machine spilled the fluid over the precious master sheets. Never was there a glummer quartet than my three Japanese confreres



TOSEI is BORN

by

William A. Kaschmitter

and I, on the eve of opening day.

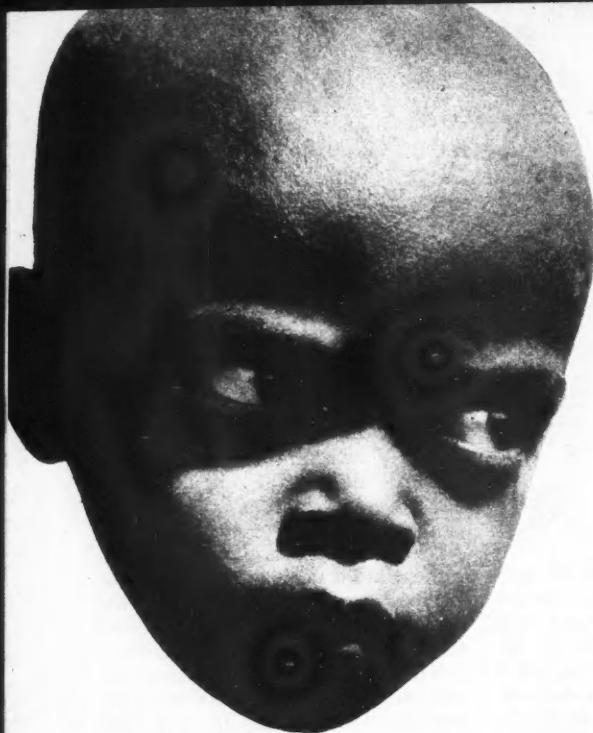
But then the tide turned, thanks to my marvelous assistants. In the middle of the night, Suzuki called in a friend who fixed the Rexograph. Nagashima and our ex-

radical, Oiwa, rewrote the whole edition by hand. All three worked until five o'clock next morning, and thus we had copies prepared in time.

The banquet was praised and our edition was admired. Tosei News received the blessing of these notables: General MacArthur, Prime Minister Oshida, Councilor Tanaka, Minister of Education Morito. The presidents of several of Tokyo's big dailies, and other worthies too numerous to mention, added their commendation.

The biggest success came three days later, when we were able to give all the press of Japan an authentic translation of the messages of Cardinal Spellman and Monsignor Fulton Sheen within a few minutes of their delivery.

Through Tosei, Catholic news of the world now goes to the Japanese press, and news of Japan is sent forth each week to the world.



How Johnny Motokar Got His Name

The African is like
Melchisedech—

by Albert E. Good

THE WIFE of Okech had just given birth to a son. With the sound of the infant's cries ringing in his ears, Okech stood before the door of his mud hut, here in Tanganyika, debating the name his heir should bear. At that moment an automobile carrying officials of the government drove past. Okech watched the motor car disappear in a cloud of dust. Then he re-entered his hut.

"We will name the child Motokar," he said simply.

In such a manner, names are chosen for infants here in Luo-land—a practice not unlike that used by our own

American Indians. It is common procedure among American Indians to name their offspring after the first thing that the father sees, following his child's birth. Each Luo child is similarly named from circumstances accompanying its birth. Such a name becomes the civil name. Of course, if the child is later baptized, it is given the name of some saint.

Not all children are named after objects or places. Superstition sometimes is the deciding factor. If, for example, Okech's family had suffered a recent death, it is quite possible that the new child would have been given the dead person's

name. The reason for this practice is that the family of the deceased hope such a choice will appease the departed spirit and induce it to cause no harm to the relatives it has left behind.

In rare cases, children are named for some superstitious practice that is being engaged in by the family at the time of birth.

Most children, however, are named after some thing or event connected with the birth. This leads to names that to Western ears are quite odd. I know youngsters who bear such appellations as Kongo, Nedge, and Lorrie. If these names were in English, they would be Beer, Airplane, and Truck. The first child was born during the beer-making season; the second had the fortune to have an airplane pass overhead at the time of his birth; and the third was born near a truck. Okech followed this practice in naming his child after a motor car.

Sometimes Luo children are named after natural phenomena. Thus, a child born during a rainstorm might be named Okoth, or Rain; one born at night is invariably called Otieno—Night. The parents of Okech gave their child his name because he was born during a period of famine, the Luo word for famine being *okech*.

Less commonly, children are named

\$8 X 8,000

Father Tennien, China, has 8,000 people under instruction. He says, "To instruct one person up to Baptism costs \$3, to continue to Confirmation costs \$5 more." Will you help one convert?

after some great personage. Many a grown man in this region bears the name of the famous chief Kargosa, who ruled about thirty years ago. Some children are named after animals. Thus, if a child should be


born at the instant a near-by hyena cries out, the child would be called Ondiek—the name meaning Hyena.

Special characteristics of the birth are perpetuated in names. A neighbor's lad is called Okuku—Easy Birth.

Luo names give us an interesting insight into the mores of our people. It would be difficult to say which kind of name is most popular. Since there is no such thing as a family name here, it is good that the Luos have an infinite variety in personal names. Think of the confusion that would develop if there were a whole village of plain Johns!

A movement is under way to inaugurate a three-name system, similar to that used by the Romans. Thus, Marcus Tullius Cicero. Here, the system would use the person's given name, family name, and tribe name. The difficulty is that, while Luos know their given names and the names of the tribes to which they belong, they have no concept of a family name. Each person here is like Melchisedech of Biblical fame—without a family, without a past.

"May the love of God, which is our life, teach us the love of man, which is our work." *Prayer of a missionary bishop.*



Meet Some of my Converts

These new Japanese Christians
are tremendously interesting people

by Edmond J. Ryan



HE IS a brilliant young scientist who took evolution for granted until one day in English class, he heard the Catholic objections to it. He was also

a practical birth-controller, in that he never intended to have any children because they are expensive and bothersome. But our occasional talks on the subject have changed his mind. There will be a baby in his home, a few months from now.

This young scientist has become a regular attendant at Mass. He is typical of the people who are crowding our church here in Yokkaichi, Japan, each Sunday: people who were confirmed skeptics just a short time ago. It is a wonderful experience, to watch their skepticism change to interest, and then to faith.

About a year ago, a young Japanese asked me, "Who made the world?" When I told him "God," he uttered a loud "Oh!" and walked away. He will be baptized on Pentecost.

One day a young lady dropped

in to observe our religion class. I was surprised, because she had been a pupil of our English class and once, when I mentioned God, she had laughed out loud. After the religion class, we talked for an hour and a half on the existence of God and the meaning of Christian charity. Up to then, the young woman had felt sorry for poor people, and had helped them, but had not been conscious of any supernatural motive. Since our talk, she has attended Mass and the religion class faithfully.

My nearest neighbor, who is also my good friend, is a Japanese doctor. He is one of the best doctors in this part of the country. Despite our friendship, he was openly agnostic.

One day, in all sincerity, he said to me, "I don't think religion is necessary for everybody."

We talked this idea over for awhile. Now he tells his patients: "There is only so much I can do for you. The rest you must leave to God."

Yesterday I was very busy. When two factory girls appeared for a catechism class, I asked one of our

Catholic girls to teach them. During the lesson, the talk turned to miracles. The Catholic asked her pupils what they thought about miracles.

"When Father first spoke about miracles," answered one, "we thought that it was silly talk for a grown man. We wondered how an intelligent person could believe such nonsense. But now, we don't see how we ever doubted. Why, miracles are as plain as — well, as plain as the nose on your face!"

A rather touching incident occurred the other day. One girl came to class wearing a small mask. It was the kind that surgeons wear when they operate, and that many Japanese wear to avoid inhaling germs in winter months. The girl kept the mask on during the class and I wondered why. The other girls teased her about the facial adornment, but she only laughed and said, "If Father will give me permission, I will tell you why I wear this mask."

After class the girl told me her story. There had been some trouble in the family, and one of her sisters, in a fit of temper, struck a table,

shattering a piece of crockery. Broken bits of crockery were widely scattered, and one struck the girl and cut her face. She had refused

to tell her classmates the facts, because she felt that the revelation would be against Christian charity and would harm her sister's name.

If You Wish
you can have a share in a young American who wants to be a Maryknoll priest, by making an offering of \$5 or \$10 — to help build quarters for him in our new seminary near Chicago.

Last Sunday, I gave a talk to about three hundred people, young and old. Afterwards, they asked questions. One questioner was the young mother of three children, and she wished to know how to keep her children from forgetting their father, who is still a prisoner of the Russians in Siberia.

I advised her to gather the children around their father's picture every night and, after telling them something about their father, to pray together with them, that God will send him home safe and soon. This answer won a great deal of applause, and I could only thank God for having given me the grace to say the right thing.

To sum the situation up; God is good, and the instilling of faith is still His most gratifying miracle.

BIG NOSE LAND The western nose is large; the Chinese nose extends out only far enough to encase two small breathing pipes.

I had given little attention to this nose question until one day while at a wedding at "Heavy Gold" village, a distant spot off the beaten track. As I talked with the men, the youngsters gathered and soon there were stage whispers in childish glee, "Oh look at the nose, look at the nose!" "Of course," said one of the men, "didn't you know? The Shen Fu comes from Big Nose Land across the sea." — *Father Edward V. Mueth*



STURDY FIBER

A PHOTO STORY



Among Father Mark A. Tennien's valiant helpers, in the convert movement that is bringing thousands to the Church, are the Chinese Sisters of the Maryknoll Diocese of Wuchow.



THE DECISION to become a Christian is often reached in a moment, but then follow long months of hard study. It is not easy to become a Catholic. Lay catechists are excellent helpers for the missionary; but

where well-trained Chinese Sisters are on hand, the tedious task of instructing unlettered women-folk is simplified. Even for women who can read, much patient explanation of our Christian beliefs is needed.





This family woman, with a child on her lap and another on her back, hasn't spent much of her life studying from books. How encouraging it is for her, to have kindly, understanding Sisters from among her own people to help her. "You must be patient with me," one woman says. "It is very difficult, this Sign of the Cross! When I move my hands, I can't think of the words. When I say the words, my hands keep still. You must be easy with me, Sister." Priests and Sisters are kind and considerate, and finally the blessed day of baptism arrives.



Travel is
no vacation



Missioners Keep Going

by John J. Lawler

WHITE CROSSES dotted the side of the precipitous mountain road as the patched-up truck chugged its winding way through the Andes at an altitude of 16,000 feet above sea level.

"Pedro, who is responsible for all these little shrines?"

The young Quechua driver smiled at the missionary and answered: "But, Padre, they're not shrines. Each cross marks the spot of a fatal accident, where some truck toppled down the mountainside, bringing death to all who were in the truck."

It was then that the young Maryknoller understood the sign he had noticed on the cracked windshield:

"Riders forbidden to sleep while truck is in motion."

After sixteen hours, one third of the trip was over, and the Padre welcomed the five hours allowed for sleep.



He wrapped himself in the protective covering of the sleeping bag, placed on the narrow stretch of road beside the truck. Lying there, he thought of his family sitting by the radio in the distant home of his youth. Then he pictured in his mind the Indians of Todos Santos, to whom he was bringing the sacraments, which they had not received for many years. He whispered a prayer for Father Tom Carey, Maryknoll Missioner, who was killed when a truck overturned on such a trip in Puno, Peru. Finally the quietness and cold, beneath the protecting stars of his open-air bedroom on "the top of the world," lulled him to sleep.

Meanwhile, nearly 4,000 miles away in Huehuetenango, Guatemala, a former classmate and fellow Maryknoll priest, stretched his legs after he stepped down from the saddle in which he had been riding for six straight hours. The horse stood tiredly by as the missionary reached into the

saddlebags for the sacred oils.

"*Gracias a Dios, Padre!* You have arrived just in time."

A young Indian, stricken by the tropical fever so familiar to those parts, lay in the throes of death's agony. While the missionary gave the sacraments, the traditional chant of the wail of death was taken up by the Indians who had gathered around.

On the other side of the world, day was breaking. And that meant travel time for the Maryknoller in Wuchow, South China. After the celebration of Mass, this missionary was ready for an early start on his motorcycle. He was to visit the catechumenate, to give a doctrinal examination to four hundred Chinese who were studying in preparation for entering the Catholic Church.

At the same time, another Maryknoller sat in a cramped position on a sampan heading up the West River. Happily, two thirds of his journey were behind him, and in ten more hours he would reach Paksha. His eyes roved along the bank where the Chinese women were occupied with the day's washing. Youngsters strove for his attention, waving arms and shouting greetings as they made their morning ablutions. While the missionary's eyes observed the scene, his thoughts turned to Father Russ,

who had scrawled a hurried note, reporting that he was down with malaria, alone, and too sick to move. The traveling missionary had a silly thought, in which he envisioned young American priests equipped with angel's wings, by which travel would be made easy. He smiled to himself, and as he reached for his breviary, he murmured, "Patience, where art thou?"

In worlds apart, separated by customs and problems that are as different as cheese and chalk, the Maryknoll missionaries are united in a bond of special unity. Each, in his own spot, puts to good use the training that he received during seminary years, and employs every method at hand to impart a knowledge and love of Christ to his people. And from each one, in his own corner of the globe, comes the same plea—the request for more priests. The missions turn for help to the youth of America. Today there is urgent need for hundreds of young men, who will willingly sacrifice themselves and go forth as soldiers of Christ to the far-flung frontiers of the Faith. If the missionary life appeals to you, fill in and mail the form below.



THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., New York

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll Priest ☐
Brother ☐
 (Check one). I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Date of birth _____

Street _____ School _____

City, Zone, State _____ Class _____

The Superior General's Corner

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Frequently we hear the remark, "My, but you are getting many vocations!" This prompts us to write a few words of explanation.

First of all, these vocations do not just "turn up." They represent a system of vocational promotion that involves much thought and hard work. For example, last year our priests spoke to schools, clubs, sodalities and altar boy societies, addressing over 700,000 students; and we accepted 246 applicants. This means that we talked to almost 3,000 boys for each vocation that joined us.

So much for the method. Now for the need.

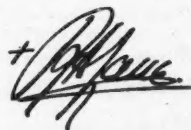
Maryknoll has eight accredited missions, as follows: Africa, one field; China, five fields; Korea, one field; Japan, one field. In addition we are responsible for large sections of territory in Hawaii, Mexico, Guatemala, Bolivia, Peru, and Chile. We have in the United States seven educational institutions for training our candidates, and we staff them with our own professors. Besides, we have priests on special assignments in Rome, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin, Seoul, and Tokyo.

We have applications from bishops in many other places, but we cannot accept new territory until we can

properly staff our present missions. In our eight accredited missions alone—that is, in those under Maryknoll ordinaries or superiors—we are responsible for the evangelization of about 25,000,000 people.

When our priests are assigned to talk on vocations, they are instructed to depict the needs of the whole Church—the need for diocesan clergy, for teaching Brothers, for religious orders, and for foreign missionaries. Advice and information are given to all who inquire, whatever their preferences may be. If the call is overseas, of course we are happy to welcome the inquirer to Maryknoll. Be it said to their eternal credit, bishops of even the neediest dioceses in the United States have—almost to a man—been most generous in permitting young men to leave their dioceses, to join the overseas contingents.

Recently an archbishop who is short of clergy remarked, when he gave us permission to establish a house in his archdiocese, "I shall get three vocations through your activities, for every one you secure for the foreign missions." We are convinced that he is right.





Won't You Be My Valentine?

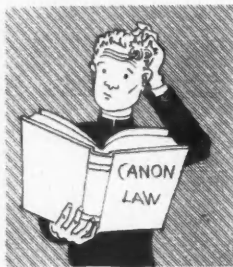
... in Chile, as everywhere else,
they "say it with flowers."

by Bernard R. Garrity

Fifty Little Indians



"I can beat any kid in this class!"



Was something wrong with seminary education?



Ink is too expensive to drink.

THEY TEACH MANY things in the Seminary. They teach theology and canon law, Scripture and Church history, Chinese and Spanish, medicine and horseback riding, and even a few tricks in architecture and medicine. But no one ever taught me how to handle fifty little wildmen, in the first grade of a parochial school deep in the heart of Bolivia's jungle.

Now, a stranger would think my assignment is very easy. All I have to do is to relieve Sister Jeremy for one hour a week, during which time I am supposed to conduct a religion class.

The formula never varies. The Padre enters the schoolroom. Quick as a well-trained army division, the children snap to their feet. As with one voice, they salute the Padre with a very respectful, "Good morning!" Sister gathers her notebooks

and departs from the schoolroom.

As the last trace of Sister's shadow disappears, a little fellow, with the biggest ears you ever saw, jumps up in the last row of seats and yells: "Did you see me box last night, Padre? I can beat any kid in this class!"

Evidently there is no unanimous agreement on this boast, because hardly has it been made when an aggressive lad opposite plants a roundhouse right on Big Ears' skull. There is a fast exchange of rights and lefts. Big Ears tosses a green banana at his opponent. Meanwhile another brawl has started, on the opposite side of the room.

Now, of course, this is not the proper decorum for a class of young *señoritas* and *caballeros*, so Padre begins to lay down the law. His arguments arouse such a spirit of repentance among the pupils that one

little girl gulps a hearty "swig" of Sister's best blue ink. This is serious. Ink is terrifically expensive down here, because of shipping costs and import tariffs.

All present (except Padre) are delighted at this drinking bout. This is especially true of a toothless lad in the third row, who exhibits his glee by "tolling the bells"—yanking the hair braids of a young miss who has the misfortune to sit in front of him. However, he is promptly cured of his "bell ringing" when the young lady spins, climbs atop the desk, and applies a speedy half-nelson, amid the cheers and shrieks of the class.

Padre is not completely lacking in child psychology, however. He knows that if anything can squelch a riot in the jungle, it is singing. So a song is called for. "*Santa Catalina*" is the first number. Then "*La Cucaracha*." Soon Padre and his class are making more noise than the preliminary bouts. All of this causes no end of disturbance for the rest of the school.

As the closing bell rings, Padre says a quick prayer, hoping to forestall the minor riot that is threatening over who will bring Padre his breviary. Deciding that this is not his field, Padre grabs his breviary from the contestants and slips out.

Outside, Father meets Sister Jeremy. "Thank you for coming, Father."

"Oh, don't mention it, Sister. It was a pleasure!"

Quickly the Padre turns away, leaving Sister Jeremy to spend the rest of the week restoring discipline. How he wishes he could take a few lessons from Sister!



THE TEACHER AT THE DOOR

by John C. McArthur

EVERY day a ragged old man with a maimed leg crawled to the back door of Father Leo Steinbach's house in Japan, and asked for bread.

The weeks stretched into months. "Perhaps," thought the priest, "I am being imposed on by a professional beggar."

Father began studying the fellow. He observed that his beggar sometimes waited for hours, and never complained. The man accepted gratefully whatever he received. He showed himself strikingly superior to the wretched misery in which the post-war years had placed him.

"Why, this man is teaching me!" mused Father Leo, eventually. That day, when the beggar came, the priest bowed low and said, "Good morning, Sensei."

Sensei is the title of high honor for a learned one. For an instant the derelict seemed abashed; then he smiled good-humoredly.

Now, when he calls at the mission, he announces his presence with a pleasant, "*Sensei* has come."



A Maryknoll Annuity

... Offers Spiritual and Temporal Advantages

AN ANNUITY is one of the approved methods of protecting savings and, at the same time, of assuring a fixed income for life, for yourself or for a relative or friend.

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY offers additional advantages: it is a spiritual investment as well. The annuitant not only helps in the work of teaching the religion of Christ in fields afar, but also participates in the prayers and works of Maryknollers.

The details of a MARYKNOLL ANNUITY are contained in a descriptive booklet, which we shall be glad to send you on request. Please use this blank.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK.

I shall be interested to receive your FREE annuity booklet.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ Please send, also, the free booklet, "*The Making of a Catholic Will.*"



CHICAGOLAND WELCOMES MARYKNOLL

Next September, Maryknoll College at Glen Ellyn, Illinois, will open its doors. Chicagoland, last September, gave Maryknoll a brilliant welcome. "A momentous occasion," stated Cardinal Stritch. "Thus the archdiocese takes its part in the official mission work of the Church." — A PHOTO STORY



Chicagoland's welcome had an international flavor. Many lands were represented in a costumed pageant; twenty-eight nations sent their consuls. Below: Consuls of Uruguay, Guatemala, Honduras, France, and Bolivia.





In the entertainment that preceded the religious ceremony, Phil Regan (right), singing star, acted as master of ceremonies. A Croatian tamburita orchestra (above), and dancers from several nations, pleased the large crowd that turned out to welcome Maryknoll. The new seminary is expected to open its doors next September. When finished, it will hold some four hundred students.





MEXICO

Representatives of thirty nations climaxed the colorful afternoon by filing up to the platform, one by one, to place the images of their nations' patron saints in a copper box, later sealed into the cornerstone. This action symbolized the fact that Maryknoll's personnel is composed of the various nations that make up America, and that Maryknoll's mission work takes it over the world.





His Eminence Cardinal Stritch, assisted by dignitaries of his archdiocese, performed the cornerstone-laying for Maryknoll's newest house of training.



When *You* Say So

. . . and with the help of the good Lord this architect's sketch will become our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago. Between its walls, for time unending, 400 young American college men will be trained for Maryknoll's overseas missions.

The foundation has been laid; the cornerstone has been blessed by His Eminence, Cardinal Stritch. But we cannot go on without your help. Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been done under God, by your support, both spiritual and material. We have counted on your prayers. We have used your money always: we have none of our own.

You may wish to use the form below, to help us to construct this seminary and thereby aid an untold number of young men to become priests, to represent Our Lord and yourself in foreign lands.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK.

I enclose \$_____ and will send a similar sum monthly, on receipt of your reminders, as a member of the Glen Ellyn Brick-a-Month Club.

I enclose \$_____ as a "stringless" gift for the Glen Ellyn Seminary.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

The Maryknoll Roundup

Writing on the Wall. Father Roy Petipren, of Detroit, Mich., is worried these days. Some weeks ago, Father Roy and Father Hugh Craig were driving a jeep to the Seoul airport. A bee landed on Father Petipren's wrist, and Father Craig attempted to brush it off. Score:



Father Petipren

one wrecked jeep; a hospitalized Father Craig. A few days ago, Father Roy started for Tientsin, to bring back Korean refugees. On the way to the boat, a rear wheel of the jeep he was riding came off (somebody had tried to steal it and had loosened the bolts). A hurriedly recruited car got Father Petipren to the dock. His boat set out in a fog, and four hours later tripped over an island, and punctured its bottom. Again Father Roy was rescued. Is it any wonder that he is getting worried? No airplane rides for him!

No Stopping Grandma. "There is an old lady here in Zemita, who is a bit of a saint," writes New York City's Father Gerald Carroll, from his parish in Chile. "Grandma is said to be 105 years old. She is not happy unless she gets to



Father Carroll

Mass on Sunday — a long trip up a

usually muddy road that climbs the hill to the church. She generally arrives so tired that she must seat herself on the confessional kneeler to catch her breath, before she can tell her little story and ask God's pardon. Of late she has had several heart attacks, and I have told her that she is dispensed from hearing Mass. After a recent attack, I went to the house and administered the Last Sacraments. Grandma was very happy to be prepared for death. I told her that I would drop in again in a few days, to see how she was, but she got ahead of me. You guessed it! Sunday morning, bright and early, there she was, sitting on the confessional kneeler, catching her breath!"

Knowing the Customs. Laurita, an attractive girl of twenty-one, was according to Latin-American standards quite old to be unmarried. To guard against a lonely life, she invested two weeks' salary in a green silk dress, and a permanent wave from a traveling beauty specialist. Then she called upon Padre Bernard Ryan, of Chicago, and requested a Mass in honor of *San Antonio*. Now, the Padre knows that, when a Latin-American girl prays to Saint Anthony, she prays for a husband. Father Ryan decided



Father Ryan

to give the saint a helping hand, and to keep his eyes open for a likely prospect. On the morning of the Mass, he found one, in the third pew. After the Mass, the Padre introduced Laurita to Marcellus, who had just returned from agricultural college to manage one of his father's haciendas. Laurita and Marcellus are now very happy. All the credit goes to Saint Anthony.

Eye to the Future. The other day, Father James Flaherty, of Philadelphia, betook himself to the market in Villa Victoria, Bolivia. "You can



Father Flaherty

buy anything there, from a piece of bread to a frock coat," writes Father Jim. "We thought we had seen everything. But yesterday, there among the second-hand jewelry, eye-glasses, padlocks, and so forth, a set of old, moss-covered, false teeth smiled up at us. The saleswoman said that the teeth were

well broken in and would cost us only a pittance. Despite her blandishments we returned home 'toothless.'"

Embarrassing Moment. Father Edward Mueth, of South China and St. Louis, Mo., sends along an interesting anecdote on Father Joseph Farnen, of Baltimore. "During the closing years of the war," writes Father Mueth, "starvation was more than common in the Sz Yap area. It was a daily occurrence to meet dying persons and dead bodies along the road. Father Farnen was making a trip by bicycle, when he saw a prostrate figure. He got off his machine, and hurried to the man. He found him still warm. As Father was preparing to baptize the man, a passer-by remarked: 'You can't do anything for him. He's been dead two days.' The tropical sun had furnished the warmth."



Father Mueth

MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Maryknoll Brothers' Novitiate
1075 W. Market Street
AKRON 3, Ohio

Maryknoll Novitiate
The Maryknoll Fathers
BEDFORD, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
71 Jewett Parkway
BUFFALO 14, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior College
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

426 S. Boyle Avenue
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
6700 Beechmont Avenue
CINCINNATI, 30, Ohio

Maryknoll Apostolic College
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
20 Newton Street
BROOKLINE 46, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
9001 Dexter Blvd.
DETROIT 6, Mich.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
1421 N. Asher Street
CHICAGO 10, Ill.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

121 E. 39th Street
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
4569 W. Pine Blvd.
ST. LOUIS 8, Mo.

1492 McAllister Street
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.

514-16th Avenue
SEATTLE 22, Wash.

The Seller of Blessings

by Robert W. Greene

IT DID NOT NEED an expert to tell that the eyesight of the ragged, old Chinese grandee, who sat opposite me in our little dispensary in Pinglo, was almost gone. The swollen welts of stabbing pain would convince even a tyro. We succeeded in relieving the man's suffering, and asked him to return for further treatments.

The next day, after the dispensary crowd had gathered, we heard a commotion at the door. The old man of the failing eyes had returned and was shooting off firecrackers. When the old man saw me, he began to chant a weird incantation.

"I'm sorry, Old Scholar," I said "but your words are not familiar."

He paused; then with the masterful showmanship of his race, he explained that he possessed a great power. In gratitude for what I had done, he was blessing me so that I should be safe on all journeys.

"I am grateful for your appreciation," I replied. "However, I do not need your incantations. The

powerful Lord of Heaven will take care of me."

Then, for the man's benefit and that of the crowd, I proceeded to enlarge on the doctrine. I wish I could report that my words converted the old fellow. Actually, the story had an unusual ending.

The other day the head man of a large village came to see me.

"Father," said this Chinese, "some weeks ago, several members of my clan were in the dispensary and heard your words to the ancient bestower of protective blessings. Near our village is a deep canyon, and all persons coming to the village must cross the canyon on an unsteady bridge. At the entrance of the bridge,

the old man whom you treated sits habitually. He curses all passers-by who do not give him alms, and our people fear him. Yesterday, he fell into the canyon. It seems clear to us that he, who cannot protect himself, cannot protect us. Now we come to learn the words of truth, the words of the truthful Lord of Heaven."



JESUS COMES for EVERYBODY

Here is a new look at God, how He made His world, why and how Jesus was born, how He spent His boyhood, how He came not for any single people or race, but for the sons and daughters of all mankind. The author, Julie Bedier, is Sr. M. Juliana of Maryknoll, well known for her children's books. Jack Jewell's pictures possess humor and charm.

For ages 8 to 11

A Garden City publication

Beautiful full color illustrations, \$1.00



Maryknoll TEACHER AIDS

FILM STRIPS

Maryknoll's social studies slide-films show the living conditions, costumes, industry, geography, recreations, and the faith of the people in social countries. \$2.50 each, including manual.

- O HAI O!: Greetings from Japan (51 frames)
- SOUTH AMERICAN ACE: A Tale of Bolivia (49 frames)
- THROUGH A MOON GATE: China (51 frames)
- THE MARIMBA PLAYER: My Guatemala Diary (43 frames)
- DOWN MEXICO WAY (38 frames)
- LAND OF THE MORNING CALM: Korea (54 frames)
- WINGS OVER PARADISE: Hawaii (50 frames)
- BORN TO FREEDOM: The Philippines (50 frames)

UNITS of STUDY

In addition to eight social-studies units, Maryknoll has published a new unit, THE MESSAGE OF FATIMA, for intermediate grades. This unit will teach the children Our Lady's message and how to live it. It aims specifically to make of each child an apostle.

50c



NEW DAWN IN JAPAN

An excellent combination of a vivid "I was there" story and a background summary of the life of Christianity in Japan, by Maryknoll's Father Everett Briggs.

Longmans, \$2.75

The Church's World Wide Mission

Maryknoll's Bishop James E. Walsh reminds us in this beautifully written book that God has plans for all mankind.

Benziger, \$3.00

HIGH ROAD IN TARTARY

A new and beautifully illustrated edition of Abbe Huc's famous travel story — Peking to Lhasa — edited by Maryknoll's Sr. M. Juliana (Julie Bedier).

Scribners, \$2.75

The Pauline Privilege and the Constitution of Canon 1125 —

Maryknoll's Father Francis J. Winslow has written this book of great practical value for priests confronted with problems touching the marriage bond.

Field Arar Press, \$2.00

THE MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF, MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.

Please send me _____

Enclosed find \$ _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Also send the following Maryknoll Catalogues

☐ Books ☐ Religious Goods ☐ Teacher Aids

EDITORIAL:

Momentous Decision in Asia

THE OTHER HALF

A PEACEFUL WORLD without a healthy Asia is impossible, if only because the immense continent is still as big as ever, while the world itself has drawn its ends together and grown small. With well over a billion inhabitants, Asia contains more than half of the total population of the earth. Its good people were always our brothers, but they have now become our neighbors as well. Their future is our future; we can-

**Bishop
McDonnell,
of the
S.P.F.:**



"His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, in a message to the Catholics of this country on the occasion of Mission Sunday, has for the first time appealed to them to send more missionaries into the field. American Catholics have always been generous with financial contributions, and now a deeper solidarity with the missionaries in the field is of urgent importance." ✠THOMAS J. McDONNELL

not live apart. Yet if we are to live together in peace and constructive co-operation, we must come closer to each other in mind and spirit first.

We already have much in common with the people of the East. They share all our basic human traits and most of our normal, natural, human aspirations. Their outlook on life is growing more modern, more in keeping with our own, with every passing day. They assimilate with us much more rapidly than we do with them. Under better skies, they could solve the problem by gradually incorporating the good elements of our civilization into their own, while judiciously eschewing, let us hope, our less-commendable vagaries. In spirit and attitude, and to some extent in practice, the people of Asia have already come half way.

DRIFTING APART

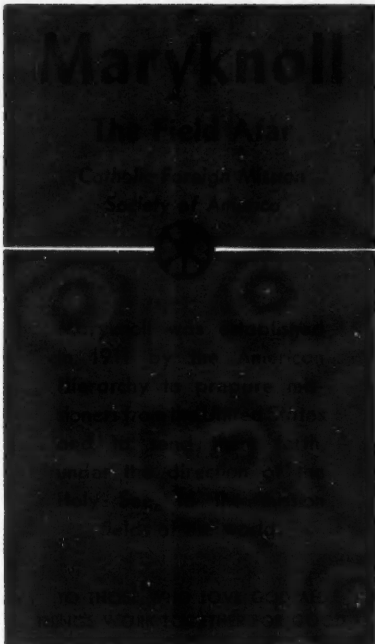
As Asia brought Christ to us, so the charity of Christ can bring to Asia all that continent needs in the way of spiritual and material aid for its healthy progress. Today, however, nobody knows how long the opportunity to do this will last. At the present moment, East and

West are not drawing together, but seem rather to be drifting apart; and there is grave danger of further, even irrevocable, division.

UNKIND SKIES

The skies of contemporary Asia are not propitious: they are darkened by a cloud that is much bigger than a man's hand — so big, indeed, that it already covers the eastern horizon, from Korea to Burma and beyond. It is the rise of communism, engineered by an alien enemy and abetted by hordes of treasonable simpletons in every land. All politically inept people—a category that surely includes fully ninety per cent of the earth's inhabitants when taken on their record—are peculiarly open to the specious appeal of a movement like communism. Regardless of its revolting aspects, it represents change; and a thousand years of floundering in political chaos and economic misery prepares a people to welcome any change.

When Christian apostates all over Europe toy with communism, it is not surprising that Asiatics with no definite philosophy of life should do the same. Many factors favor the spread of communism in Asiatic lands. One factor is the complete spiritual vacuum that already exists. Another is the complete lack of any traditional and treasured political system around which the people may rally in effective opposition. Those who have neither religious



nor political convictions are easily led and easily pushed around. Meanwhile, the vast majority of the people of Asia do not want communism; they are merely too apathetic to react against it. So Asia sleeps, while communism marches.

Asiatics deserve something better than the spiritual death and bodily enslavement of communism. In the foreshortened world of today, the salvation of Asia is the vital concern, not only of the missions, but also of all humane and responsible men everywhere.



The Blind Man Sees

A true story by Monsignor John Romaniello

AH LAM IS A BLIND MAN, tall and thin and slightly stooped. He can distinguish light but can't make out objects or people. He feels his way around with the help of a bamboo cane. Ah Lam lives in a little mud house near the river, with his three sons, who cultivate rice fields owned by their father. The blind man isn't rich, but he has enough rice in the bin all year around.

When the invaders came to his part of China, Ah Lam was not able to flee with his fellow villagers. The invaders entered his village, found that he was the only person in it. They took him to the commanding officer's quarters in the temple. Ah Lam was questioned, but of course knew nothing of importance. How could he know, being blind? He was detained for a day and then was freed to return to his home.

As Ah Lam sat resting outside the temple, one of the invaders put a paper-covered book in the old man's hands. With a laugh, the stranger

said, "Take it home and look at the pictures."

Ah Lam smiled, took the book, thanked the invader, and said, "But I cannot see."

"Oh, turn the pages over, anyway," replied the invader. "That will keep you occupied in your lonely hours."

Tapping his way, Ah Lam finally got back to his village. It was a deserted place. He knew no human being was present, there was not even the sound of the domestic animals. The chickens, pigs, and cows had all been taken by the invaders.

Ah Lam sat on a sawhorse, in his earthen-floored parlor. Reminiscing, he said to himself: "This is terrible! When I was young, I could read books. Now I can no longer see. And my sons are not here to read to me."

In a week's time, the invaders departed. The villagers cautiously returned to their homes, and the youngest son of Ah Lam returned, too. The two older sons did not come back because they had joined the Local Peace Preservation Corps.

Ah Lam told his youngest son that he had been taken to the invaders' headquarters and questioned, and that one of the invaders had given him a book. He went to his mat and brought the book forth.

The youngest son of Ah Lam who

Swaddling Clothes

Most of our missions in China report that they have no altar linens at all, or an insufficient number to clothe their altars properly. The war destroyed their stock. \$30 will dress one altar liturgically. Can you aid us?

had come home lighted the little tea-oil lamp. Then he fingered the book handed to him by his father. He said, "This book is full of strange pictures."

"Yes, that is right," answered the blind man. "The invader who gave it to me said the same thing. Is there any explanation?"

"Of course, of course, Father," the son replied. Then he labored over the title above each picture.

"What is it about?" asked the father, patiently.

"Oh, religion. Some kind of a Catholic religion."

"Well," said Ah Lam, "will you read some of it to me?"

"Certainly, my father," answered the youngest son. Then he read, "God made heaven and earth."

By the dim light, father and son became so interested, that they went through half the book. They did not go to bed until the tea-oil lamp burned out and the son could no longer see. As they lay in their beds the father continued to ask questions until the son fell asleep and no more answers were made.

On the next day, the interested pair finished the book. It was entitled, *The Illustrated Catechism of the Catholic Mission*.

The invaders did not return to Ah Lam's village. Each day thereafter the youngest son worked in the fields. At night he and his father discussed the questions in the catechism.

Finally peace came. The Catholic Fathers from the Beautiful Country across the sea returned. One of the Fathers visited Ah Lam's village.

When Ah Lam heard of this, he went to the Catholic Father, showed him the catechism, and said, "I wish to be a Catholic."

"Good!" answered the priest. "Two weeks from today, a catechumenate will open here. I will sign you up."

"And sign my youngest son's name, too," said Ah Lam.

Ah Lam and his son studied in the catechism class, and were baptized. Ah Lam tells his story often, and he concludes it with these words, "I am blind, but now I see."



Some Lumps in the Month's Stew

HERE ARE some of the larger lumps in the month's stew. The daily ingredients were as follows: my own spiritual exercises, the dispensary work, my twenty-or-so beggars, the nightly sermon to the catechumens, the direction of our farm here in Taipat.

The big event was the visit of Bishop Paschang. Besides confirmations, several benefits resulted from his call. Taipat will have a diocesan orphanage. We'll also have two Sisters, shortly. We'll have the help of a native priest, Father Linus Wong, for a while. After advising us to save secondhand bricks and to deepen the fishpond, His Excellency set off afoot, to cover the twenty miles to Yeungkong. A tough little man is Bishop Paschang!

The country teacher at Tse Long, a candidate for baptism, got pneumonia. If he should die, I told myself, the mission might lose the fine group of catechumens he hoped to bring into the Church with him; so I had an added reason for hurrying to his bedside. I baptized the sick man, administered Holy Communion, and then anointed him. Extreme Unction would give him strength to get well, I hoped. Surely enough, the Lord restored his health, and all his catechumens are busily preparing for baptism.

Five out of my eight geese died



by
George H. Bauer

of cold, but the sale of the remaining three was profitable because of inflation. I sold the seven mission hogs, but they brought little because of the price of rice. My one hundred papaya trees are weathering the winter cold and should be profitable next summer.

A Christian from another station brought in a fair-sized goose as token rent, after he had brazenly used an empty chapel for a poultry house. Not all our Church members are on fire with zeal! Still, I am always surprised that they live as faithfully as they do.

Wong Shi Kai, a good-enough fellow, had to be censured for giving his daughter in marriage to a pagan, and failing to obtain the required promises of freedom for her and her children.

Lo Faat, an ex-bandit chief who claims to be a Catholic, has been friendly of late, but behind my back he has been trying to get one of my catechumens to join his gang. We've had the usual bandit scares.

One day our hedge caught fire. Two pails of water, quickly applied at each end, gave the pastor the victory.

And so on and on goes the tale of another month. The months make the years, and the years build the Church of God in these humble and hidden little corners of China.



The Jungle Folk Build a House

THERE is no housing shortage in Bolivia's jungle-land. All a man needs for a home there are a few tools and a strong arm. To see how it's done, turn the page.

A PHOTO STORY
by Joseph A. Hahn

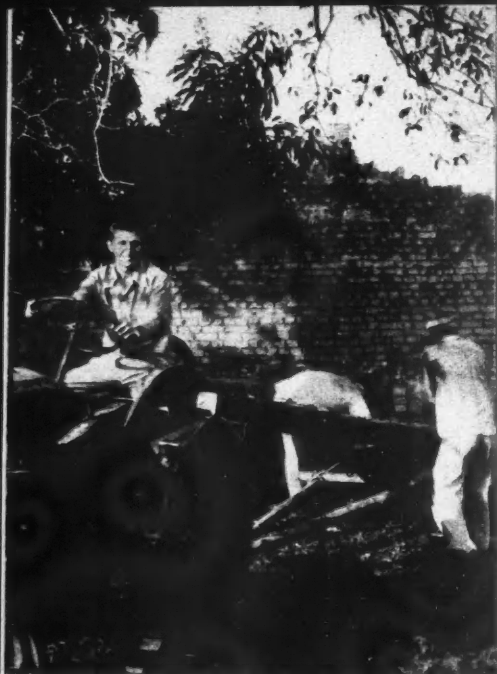




Building sites are choice and free. After Papa Pancho takes his pick, he lays out the shape of his new home. In the nearby jungle, a few trees are felled, the trunks set in the ground to support roof and walls. Saplings are notched and laid for the framework, being tied into place with reed. There is no need for expensive flooring; a few well-pounded loads of earth will do the trick. Only tools used are a shovel, axe, wheelbarrow, and a machete.







More earth, made into mud, is plastered between saplings lashed to the side logs. Soon Pancho's home has thick, cool walls. The final step is the placing of strips of reed on the roof frame. Then Pancho and his family move in. If Pancho lives in a place where there is a Padre like Father Gordon Fritz (left), the Padre's big tractor will speed up the housebuilding, make the work easy. These photographs were taken in Father Fritz's mission of Cavinás, Bolivia.



AFIELD with the *MARYKNOLL* *SISTERS*

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

Grass-Skirt Land "Grass skirts are awkward in church. The women take up twice as much room in pews as the men do, because of their voluminous grass skirts."

Three Maryknoll Sisters and the native Palauans gave each other a treat last October. The Sisters had never seen Palauans; the Palauans had never seen Sisters. The thrill was mutual. It will be lasting, too, for the Sisters have settled down to live on Palau — a tiny island in the Southwest Pacific.

"We were taken to the church in a taxi," writes Sister Loretta Marie (Hoffman), of Brooklyn, N. Y., reporting the Sisters' arrival. "It was an ancient vehicle with a lining of figured cotton. As we approached the church, someone rang the bell, and the people came to see us drive in. Father McManus gave a welcoming speech, which was translated for the people, sentence by sentence. After Benediction, we walked down the middle aisle while all the congregation watched. Brides must feel about as we did!

"Palauans are friendly, smiling people, quite dark-complexioned. Father asked me to say something to them. The idea had never oc-

curred to me! I managed about two sentences which Father translated. Had I foreseen the experience, I should have been frightened hours ahead; as it was, I just shook for a few minutes afterwards.

"The color of the convent windows is a little peculiar: light green for all first-floor windows, and a healthy robin's-egg blue for the upstairs windows. Everything is painted green on the first floor.

"And now for work! Tomorrow we shall start an English class for

The Cow Girl and the Gardener

"The sound of a man's voice reading distracted us today. When we investigated, we found that Fuk Wa (Florence), the little girl who helps watch the water buffaloes, was teaching our fifty-year-old gardener, Ngau Kan (Cow's Muscle), how to read the catechism. Even after Fuk Wa was called away, the man spent the rest of his noon period reading over and over again the lesson the girl had taught him."

— Kongmoon Sisters

the older girls, and we will take over the small kindergarten soon. We've begun to study Palauan; it's not easy!"

Twentieth Anniversary For twenty years, Sister Consuelo has gone out on Saturday afternoons, with a basket of fruit or sweets over one arm and a pile of new-ish magazines in the other. She lets the Kalihi (Honolulu) convent gate swing to behind her, and sets off down Puuhale road, to the leper hospital.

Twenty years! Of course, she is well known to the hospital folk. Everyone — from the guard at the entrance, to the latest disheartened "new patient" behind the wire fence — recognizes her as a friend.

Sister's back bends a little now, and she willingly surrenders the basket to the first-comer. But she looks the patients over with the same keen eye, noting changes in the misshapen faces.

"Did they transfer Eva?" she asks.

"Yes, she's gone to Molokai."

And Sister Consuelo checks one more friend she will never see again.

Eva on Molokai, a leper committed for life, has everything she

could wish — except the people she loves. She writes to Sister Consuelo:

"I want to thank you for your Christian charity and for all the prayers you said for my family and me. Your visits at the hospital helped to make my stay there for the past four years a happy one. Though, I am not a member of your Church, you accepted me as one of your sisters in Christ."

Sister Mary Consuelo (Leien-decker) is from Pittsburgh, Pa.; where she had organized and directed Maria Mission Circles for many years before she gave her life itself to spread God's love over the world.

Pac Me's Hen "During class today, Yong Hoi Pac Me fell asleep. Inquiry revealed that this 65-year-old Chinese, baptized when in danger of death in 1944, has as her only possession one hen with five little chicks. The chicks are newly hatched and need special feeding at noon. So this old woman walks three miles to her home every noon, and then hurries back over the same road, for class. We decided to overlook her little naps."

—*Kaying Sisters*

MARYKNOLL SISTERS
MARYKNOLL, N.Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.



The Chinese have a saying, "One picture is worth a thousand words." Sister finds this very true, as she teaches her youngsters the religion lessons. Here she tells them the story of the Agony in the Garden.

Tropical South China is a land of big hats. When these two boys call on Sister Delorosa, at the Wuchow convent, they keep discreetly apart, to make sure that there shall be no collisions.



How Does a *Mission* Start?

Spade work
counts in Korea

by Hugh L. Craig

DURING MY YEARS in Korea, when a missionary wished to introduce the Faith into one of the thousand little villages that dot the Korean mountain country (ninety per cent of Koreans are farmers), he asked his flock if any of them had a relative living in, let us say, Three Willow Village.

If one of the faithful — say, Peter Kim — had a cousin in that village, he was asked to accompany Ni Thomas, the paid catechist. Eventually the two, Peter and Thomas, arrived at the home of Peter's cousin, Kim Yeng Won.

After supper, Kim Peter told of the blessings he himself had received since entering the Church established by Jesus Christ. It answered for him, he explained, the great questions of life; it delivered him from the pagans' terrifying fear of the devil; it brought peace and strength to his soul, so that he could overcome sin; it helped him to train his children so that they, too,

might overcome sin and practice virtues. And he reminded his hearers that there are many new temptations in Korea, especially for the young.

Far into the night, the three men talked about fundamental truths, as men in the secluded villages of Korea like to do. After Kim Yeng Won had become really interested, he was asked which of the men of the village would be best to lead the others into the Church. This was a very important matter, and it was discussed at great length. At last the group decided that Kim Myeng Sik was the best man for that work.

The next evening the three men — Ni Thomas, Kim Peter, and his pagan relative, Kim Yeng Won — went to the house of Kim Myeng Sik, to convince him that the people and the village would be greatly blessed by the adoption of the True Faith. When a few hours' discussion had aroused the enthusiasm of Kim Myeng Sik, he offered his home as the meeting place for the catechumens.

On the third evening, all the men of the village gathered in the house of Kim Myeng Sik. They were told that the catechist, Ni Thomas, would come twice a month to instruct them in the Faith. A woman catechist, then, would come to teach the women and children. Later the priest, too, would come, to celebrate Mass and to examine their progress in the doctrine and Christian practices.

Thus a beginning was made. Weeks later, the missionary went to Three Willow Village and took stock of the stirring of grace, which had created in the little Korean community a hunger for the things of Christ.



Old and young come, with pots and pans and old tin cans, to get their milk

THE RIOT DAY

WEDNESDAY is a riot day at Pakkai! Then the Sisters make the weekly distribution of free milk powder, to the women and children of this war-damaged, un-rebuilt city.

The crowd forms early, outside the rear gate of the mission. At one o'clock, when the gate opens, women and children come stampeding in, calling out greetings to the Sisters, and hurrying to get good places in line. For their trouble, their re-

ward is a pound of powdered milk. That would not be of great import to any American; but to these vitamin-starved Chinese, it means very much. It means extra strength to hunt elsewhere for other food. And—what is more important—it means

A PHOTO IMPRESSION

by James E. Fitzgerald





WANT ADS

Can You Give an Eye? A boy of 15, in China, needs several glass eyes. They cost \$10 each. Teen-age youngsters, growing fast, need new eyes frequently. Will you pay for at least one? Father Duchesne will attend to it; mark your money for him.

How Should You like to stand up in church, because of lack of seats? Father Jakowski needs 18 pews for his mission in Bolivia. Pews cost \$10 each.

Lumber for Lads Looms for Lassies! If Father McClear can get saws and planes and hammers, for carpentry, and hand-loom for weaving, he will be able to teach and win the Guatemalan children. The produce of their work will help to support the mission school. Who will contribute \$5, \$10, \$100, to start him off?

Break the Silence. A widow who must support her family, has lost her job because she has also lost her hearing. A hearing aid would put her back at work, at a cost of \$35. Father Conners, in Guatemala, asks help to get it for her.

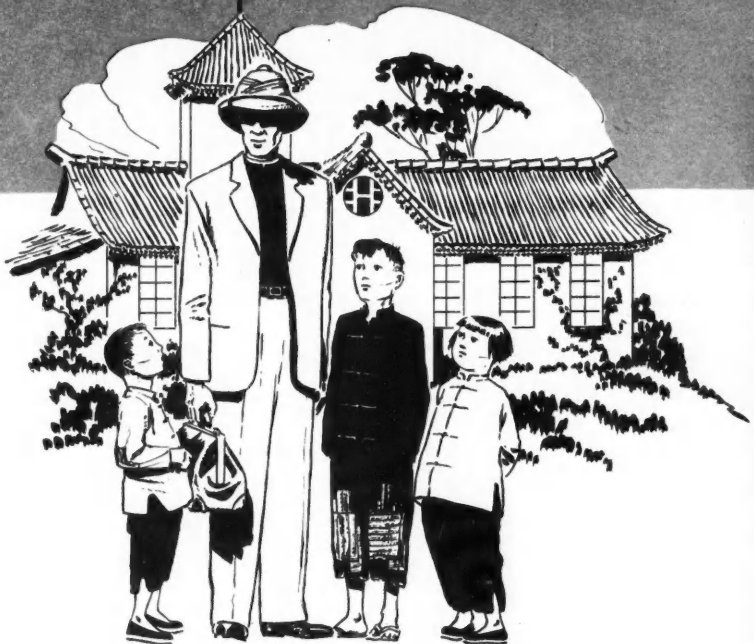
Medicine Man! "What do you need?" we asked Father Maynard Murphy, of Kaying, China. In reply we got a list starting with antipyrine, merthiolate, atabrine, sulfadiazine, and a score of other items for healing. A reasonable supply will cost \$200.

Visions and Chills. The Sacred Heart Hospital in Toishan, China, is situated in the church basement. Its rooms were long ago outgrown, but no better quarters are available. A new and better hospital is the need. Plans are being made; the Sisters are seeing visions of wards and operating rooms; and Bishop Paschang is having chills—for who is to pay for it all? Toishan *must* have a hospital, but how can the cost be met? Will you spare \$1—or \$5—or \$100—or \$1,000?

How About It? "In our school," writes Father McNiff from Chile, "we have six lay professors. We must pay them \$80 a month, a stiff figure for us to meet. An equal sum—\$80—will support one student for a year. Do you suppose some friend of the missions would help us."

One Foot from Happiness. One foot separates a young Chinese girl from happiness. She lost a foot in a wartime bombing. If she could have an artificial foot, she could get about and earn her living. The artificial foot, complete, costs \$100 today in China. Will some kind American finance it for this poor girl?

Touchdown! The Molina, Chile, All-Stars (average age, 10) think they are the hottest football team south of the Panama Canal, because they have uniforms. Father Garvey bought the outfits for \$14. Now he wants to outfit 14 more lads who want to keep the All-Stars from swelled heads. Who will help?



MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN CHINA NEED

each month:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| \$5 for care of a chronic invalid | \$15 for support of a catechist |
| \$5 for support of a blind child | \$15 for support of a Chinese Sister |
| \$5 for support of an orphan | \$15 for support of a Chinese seminarian |
| \$5 for support of a refugee | \$30 for support of a missionary |
| \$5 for support of an old person | \$50 for medicine for a dispensary |
| \$15 for support of a Chinese priest | \$50 for the mission rice lines |

each year:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| \$25 education of a poor child | \$30 for Mass wine |
| \$25 for Mass hosts | \$50 for altar candles |
| \$250 for Catholic Action activities | \$300 for youth work |

When making your will, remember that Maryknoll's legal title is Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

Send for the free booklet, *The Making of a Catholic Will*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK



HIS DREAM LIVES AFTER HIM. Shortly before his death, Father Lawrence A. Conley was photographed instructing some of the hundred war orphans he was sheltering. Another missionary now carries on the work. But some young American must be found to take Father's place.

